NOTES FROM PARIS.

BIG ROBBERIES—THE RUSSIAN FETE—MARSHAL MACMAHON'S MEMOIRS.

Paris, August 24, 1892.

The cooler weather has filled Paris anew with tourists anxious to "do" the capital before returning to their respective countries. A few well-known boulevardiers, tempted by the pleasant early autumn days, have also returned here, glad to leave the glare and crush of the seaside resorts, which this year have been more crowded than ever. Yesterday the "Bois" had resumed almost its ordinary aspect, and many pretty and well-appointed equipages drove down the Avenue des Accacias toward the Restaurant de la Cascade.

Another reason which may induce Parisians to return to their Lares and Penates is that burglaries have been numerous here during the last two months. Housebreakers every year take advantage of the absence of the householders in the country to visit their dwellings in the capital, and this summer the police force has been kept perpetually on the alert by organized bands of burglars whose audacious thefts have alarmed the wealthiest quarters of the metropolis.

The provinces in this respect have not fared much better than Paris, for a few days ago an important robbery was perpetrated at the Chateau de Dampierre, belonging to the Duchess de Luynes. Notwithstanding the presence of the Duchess and of all her household at the chateau, the thieves succeeded in carrying off twelve valuable old gold snuff-boxes, three miniatures in frames set with diamonds, a number of old jewels, and other valuable articles, among which is an almost priceless dinner service of antique and most beautifully chased silver. Dampierre is one of the handsomest private residences in France, and contains treasures of art of all kinds. M. Flandrin, a former magistrate, who owns a beautiful chateau near the picturesque town of Abbeville, in Picardie, has been also robbed, at dead of night, of a very considerable sum of money in bonds and shares, which were locked in the iron safe of the above named gentleman's study.

The Chateau de St. Remy, in the Eure et Loire, was the scene last week of interesting festivities. The Waddington family celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of their spinning factories, and at the same time the marriage of M. Charles Waddington, son of M. Waddington, French Ambassador in London, with Miss Harjes. The 1,500 workmen employed in the factories were entertained at a dinner, at which their employers also took part. Among the invited guests were M. Ricard, Minister of Justice; M. Labiche, Senator; and M. Terrier, Deputy. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated and two orchestras played waltzes and polkas on the lawn till the small hours.

Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed over the method of conducting the Franco-Russian fete at the Tuileries. M. Veron, the local police commissary, has already threatened to close some of the tents if gambling be allowed. The dancing girls from other and less creditable resorts were expelled last night. M. Odelin, a member of the Municipal Council, has written a letter to that body asking for the summary suppression of the fete. M. Perrin, the chief organizer, declares that the jealousy and malevolence of other concert proprietors in the Champs Elysees have ruined the festival. He fears that when all expenses have been paid the receipts will be small. The general opinion is that M. Loubet has been deceived, and above all that President Carnot has been placed in a false position by interested persons. Even at the Russian Embassy considerable annoyance is felt because the uniforms of the Imperial Guard have been exposed to ridicule. As a matter of fact these are worn by the men of the Garde Republicaine, who have been authorized to take part in the show and to go on as supernumeraries in the booths.

On the opening day of the fete the arrangements were not quite complete; but it was understood that everything should be in order in the course of a day or two. The result, however, has caused a great deal of disappointment, and there is considerable criticism at the expense of the promoters of the show. Into the details of all these attacks it is not necessary to enter, nor is it a matter of any particular interest to know how far they are justified. Suffice it to say that this Franco-Russian fete has given rise to the display of much bad blood, and that the Muscovite element in this city is the reverse of enthusiastic about it; yet only a few days ago the President of the Republic sent an officer of his military household from Fontainebleau for the express purpose of conveying his warm congratulations to the organizers of a fete which was got up for the "relief of the poor of both countries."

Last night a fatal accident occurred there. A gymnast who was performing every evening on a trapeze had been warned several times that the net spread below was worn out, but had paid no heed to these remonstrances, declaring that he knew better, and that it served his purpose thoroughly. Last night, however, he slipped and dropped from a great height; the net broke, and he fell through it on to the ground. The poor man was picked up dying, and was conveyed to the ambulance established within the precincts of the Garden. A doctor who had been hastily summoned arrived just as he breathed his last. He had sustained concussion of the brain, and his spine was fractured. The gymnast's wife, her sister and the latter's husband, were all spectators of this fatal accident, which of course added considerably to the gloom already caused by the non-success of the fete.

Moreover, many of the contrivances for public amusement are another distinct failure. Sledges, for instance, are rather an anachronism in this temperature, but a number of them, drawn by two horses, are provided for enterprising pleasure-seekers, who, holding the reins in their hands, allow themselves to be conducted at a walking pace, while the vehicle emits dismal groans in its attempt to glide gracefully along the muddy track. Then there is a rink, on the wooden floor of which intrepid lovers of amusement course on roller-skates; but the heat is too great for much in the shape of active exercise, and hitherto it has been rather at a discount.

It appears that Marshal MacMahon has decided to publish at once his Memoirs, which he did not intend to have put before the public during his lifetime. The accounts of the defeat of the French Army in 1870, in Emile Zola's "Debacle," are all intended to show the incompetency of the Duc de Magenta, who probably would never have been elected to the Presidency of the Republic had the appreciation of his military efficiency then been what it is now. M. Charles Lesser's "Twenty-two Years Ago," published daily in the "Gil Blas," is sad reading, and it must be confessed that there is no personal spite discoverable between the lines. All Europe does not read the "Gil Blas"; but when published in book form, as it undoubtedly will be, this souvenir of Sedan will be taken as an indictment which must be answered. It is remarkable that no living French general, except Galliffet, comes out scathless from the distressing record. Marshal MacMahon, who, so far, declines even the briefest interview on the subject, cannot allow this generation to remain misinformed. Marshal Canrobert and General Trochu say that this version when given will clear him, but one cannot help nevertheless feeling sorry for the pain which all this uncharitable comment has caused the brave old soldier who so recklessly risked his life for his country in 1870-'71.

Some extremely interesting facts have just been published concerning the industry of fan-making in Paris. Most of the fan painters are natives of one or the other of the villages on the banks of the Oise. Their special talents in many instances have so attracted the Parisian merchants that they have been induced to take up their quarters in the metropolis. There are about 3,000 "eventaillistes" in Paris alone, the best known being M. Eugene Lami, M. Lambart, M. Maurice Leloir and Mlle. Abbema, who has almost completely rivalled Lancret and Boucher in this art. It is not at all uncommon for an artist to receive 5,000 francs for painting a single fan. The carving or other design on the handle, or "bois," as it is generally termed, is quite an independent item.

The Baroness James Rothschild possesses several fans in her collection—generally considered the most extensive in the world—of from 8,000 to 10,000 francs each, to say nothing of a Watteau example, valued at a much higher figure. At Chantilly the series of beautiful fans of the late Duchesse d'Aumale has excited the admiration of connoisseurs; while in her Palace of Castile Queen Isabella of Spain has about 800 highly artistic examples. The Empress of Russia, who the other week bought 14,000 francs' worth of fans from one of the leading French houses, has also an extensive and beautiful series. Before the disasters of 1870-'71 the Empress Eugenie had a number of precious examples, one of the most beautiful being designed for her by Gavarni.

Vienna rivals Paris in the number and beauty of its fans, while Spain surpasses both by a long way in the matter of quantity; still, there can be no question that the most artistic and the most costly are produced at Paris, and there is no reason whatever to fear that the gayest city in the world will ever lose one of its most characteristic luxuries.

The surgeon-dentist accredited to the National Academy of Music here has just joined the majority, and so soon as the fact of his death was made known a hundred and fifty qualified tooth-drawers rushed forward to compete for this office, to which only a nominal salary is attached. It is stated that, a short time since, M. Maurel made an unsuccessful attempt to resuscitate, by means of an annual appropriation from the State, the Italian opera in the Place Ventadour, an establishment which, under the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, and the Second Empire, was one of the most fashionable theatres in Paris; but from which, under the austere regime of the Republic, Government support has been withdrawn. M. Maurel was most courteously received by the Minister of Fine Arts, but when the "cahier des charges" or pay-sheet came to be discussed it was found that the last included no fewer than 198 surgeons, physicians, apothecaries and dentists—a circumstance which drew from His Excellency the pithy remark that it was not a new theatre, but a hospital, which the eminent lyric artist was asking him to sanction. The mystery that would otherwise encompass the circumstance of 150 qualified dentists applying for a post which involves the performance of certain duties, but the salary of which does not amount to much, has been partially cleared up by the statement that honorary affiliation to the Grand Opera—and, indeed, to almost every theatre in Paris—gives the holder of the office the privilege of going behind the scenes and entering the foyer or greenroom of the theatre. Thus, at the Grand Opera, there are two foyers—one for the ballet and the other for the singers—and the privilege of sauntering through either of these salons and gossiping with the artists is one that is most highly appreciated and eagerly sought for.

M. Alphonse Daudet is passing the summer in his charming country residence at Champrosay, and his numerous admirers will no doubt be glad to hear that he is now putting the finishing touches to a new production of his fertile brain. The forthcoming book of the eminent author of "Sapho," the "Immortel" and other more popular works of fiction will be entitled "Soutien de Famille." It deals with the history of the family of a once wealthy manufacturer, who, being irretrievably ruined, commits suicide. His widow is left with two sons, one of whom is her spoiled darling, while the other is treated by her with every severity. As they grow up the "pet" becomes—according to the nearly general custom of his kind—an utter scapegrace, who despises and rejects his mother. The other, on the contrary, is a model son and man, who retrieves by hard work the fallen fortunes of his family. It is also expected that M. Daudet will soon publish a translation by himself of the work, written in the dialect of Provence, by a marvellous farmer's boy called "Baptiste Bonnet." This humble tiller of the soil seems to have been a mixture of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Robert Burns and Jules Janin. His "Memoires d'un Valet de Ferme" are widely read in the South, and M. Daudet no doubt hopes to interest Parisians by giving them a version in their vernacular of the life and labors of the literary agriculturist of low degree.

It is reported that M. Guy de Maupassant, the novelist, who is now in a private asylum, has become totally paralyzed. In the meantime, the sale is announced of the furniture of the suite of rooms formerly occupied by the famous writer in the Rue Boccador, M. de Maupassant's yacht, Bel-Ami, so named after one of his most popular productions, will also be disposed of later on. There was another rumor circulated lately to the effect that one of M. de Maupassant's friends, and, like him, one of the school formed by M. Zola at Medan—M. Huysman—had given up the world, the flesh and the devil, and had immured himself in a Trappist monastery. The novelist has written a letter in which he states that he has done nothing of the sort. Instead of retiring to a cloister in order to devote himself to prayer, meditation and general abstinence, he is now in a hotel at Lyons, in which city he is collecting materials for a new work of fiction.

HERE AND THERE IN LONDON

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.

London, August 22.

One of the things that is certain to impress the American abroad is the prevailing politeness of the people with whom he comes in contact. The common courtesies of life seem to have reached a higher stage of development in Europe than in America. The London policeman, or "bobby," is always willing to give such information as lies in his power without any of the air of condescension that is apt to mark his New-York congener under "substantially similar circumstances and conditions." The conductor of the 'bus asks for your fare in a tone of politeness, always accompanied by a deferential "Please." When your ticket is taken up on leaving a boat or passing out of a railway station, it is not infrequently received with a "Thank you," which is certain to leave in the traveller's mind the impression that, though English corporations, like those of America, may be soulless, this is not the case with their employes, or servants, as the phrase runs in this country.

This same politeness, which must be set down as a national characteristic, is observable in the phrasing of notices to the public corresponding to those in our parks which are usually couched in the imperative mood—"Keep off the grass!" I had been told before leaving America that I would not see such a notice in all England. It is true that in this land of moist climate, which is without extremes of heat and cold, the grass grows with a luxuriance, closeness and fineness that are surprising to Americans, and that in the parks people may be allowed to walk upon it with much greater freedom than on the other side of the Atlantic. At the same time pedestrians are warned here and there not to tread it beneath their feet. But the warning is almost invariably courteous in tone. I remember seeing in Kew Gardens this notice: "Keep off the Grass Edge," meaning the border, but it is quite uncommon, so far as my observation goes, to find such a brusque form of expression used. In a park at Leamington it was put in this way: "You are Requested not to Walk upon The Verges." Perhaps the most striking notice of this kind to be seen in England is that displayed a number of times in the beautiful gardens at Hampton Court, which are frequented by large crowds every Sunday. It is comprehensive, relating, of course, to shrubs, trees, flowers, etc., and runs as follows: "It is Expected that the Public will Protect what is Intended for Public Enjoyment." There is a model which some American park authorities might study with profit to themselves and to the people who visit the grounds under their charge. In St. Paul's Churchyard there is this notice: "The Public are Respectfully Requested not to Feed the Pigeons on the Grass or Flower Beds."

The prodigious volume of traffic in the streets of London is a constant source of surprise to the newcomer. There is no better way of seeing the mightiest city in the world than from the top of one of the 'buses, which run everywhere at all hours of the day, but not of the night. A New-Yorker, accustomed to all-night elevated trains and street cars, is surprised to find, in this city, that after midnight few 'buses are to be seen, and that some of them go out of commission by 11 o'clock, or earlier, while none at all run much later than 1 a. m. "How is a late traveller to get about town?" is a question that naturally arises. The answer is to be found in the multitudinous cabs that apparently neither slumber nor sleep—that is to say, their drivers do not; and one cannot but wonder when the poor horses get a chance to rest. The cabs are a revelation to the foreigner from across the Atlantic, not only by their number but by the moderate scale of charges in vogue. This is moderate even after adding the extra sixpence which the driver usually asks from one who does not seem to know the ropes thoroughly, or who has not accurately informed himself in advance as to the length of his journey. Over the smooth and well-kept pavements hansoms by the thousand hurry along, threading their way in a truly marvellous fashion among the numerous vehicles that constantly throng the streets. Looking down upon the moving mass from the point of vantage afforded by a seat on the roof of a 'bus, one cannot help wondering how any progress is really made through the crowded streets, and how it is that accidents are not of constant occurrence.

Recently published statistics state that during last year there were five persons killed on the railways of England, while during the same time there were 147 killed in the streets of London. To a stranger observing the jam in streets like the Strand and Fleet-st., the marvel is that a larger number than 147 were not killed. These streets and many others are paved with wood, and the cabs, in particular, descend upon the unwary pedestrian in an almost noiseless manner. In crossing these crowded streets, the pedestrian takes his life in his hand. If it were not for the numerous refuges, or "islands," as they have been termed, in the middle of the streets at important crossings, going from one side of a street to the other would frequently be exceedingly perilous. These "islands" are square or diamond shaped spaces, a few feet in extent; they are raised a few inches above the street level and protected by a post at each corner. In the centre there is usually a lamp post. At the first glance it would seem that these things would be a serious obstruction to the movement of vehicles; and perhaps they are; but they emphasize a conspicuous fact in England—namely, the regard for human life which is displayed here in many ways. Of course, the practice of turning to the left, instead of the right, is confusing to an American at first, but when he has escaped from the line of cabs, 'buses, drays, etc., moving in one direction and can take refuge on one of these "islands," he has a chance to recover his breath and to choose a good opportunity for "making a break" for the further sidewalk.

What are called private hotels abound in London. The first question at some of them is: "Are you recommended?" That means, "Have you been sent here from some regular hotel which has all of its rooms occupied?" But you are not requested to show any written recommendation. Your word is quite sufficient. These private hotels are really boarding houses or lodging houses, and the guest is expected to take his breakfast in the house, but no other meal. In one of the private hotels near the Strand the following notice appears upon the walls of the rooms: "Notice.—Visitors are respectfully requested to give at least Twelve Hours notice previous to their departure, or one night will be charged."

A sympathetic stranger going about London will not fail to have his feelings aroused by the calamity that threatens to overwhelm Bill Stickers. Poor Bill! In many public places there is this sign displayed: "Bill Stickers Will Be Prosecuted." No particulars are given as to his offence; but then there is all the more room for the play of the imagination. The fate of Bill Stickers is truly melancholy to contemplate, if the threatened prosecution ever takes place.

AT THE PIER.

GOOD-BYE TO THE BUTTERFLIES.

Narragansett Pier, Sept. 2.—A storm toward the end of August clears out the Pier. The great winds roaring seaward blow through the little summer ci and this way and that before that blustering blast go the summer butterflies. Shaking windows and rain-swept streets, and a beach beaten marble-hard by the trampling of the surf chill, the gayety of those light-hearted grasshoppers who, having sung all summer, with the first leaden sky and down-circling leaf of autumn feel sad and shrunken and homesick.

The storm of the end of last week put an end to the Pier's season. The butterflies with wet and faded wings have fluttered home again with wardrobes the worse for wear and purses much the worse for hotel bills. While the storm raged these delicate creatures, things of sunny days, moonlight evenings, sat in their desolate hotel rooms and peered out dolefully. An angry gray-green sea tossed turbulently away before them till it met a long, pale horizon line. No yachts with aged but entrancing yachtsmen rode those sullen swells. The sea was rough with white combs. The surf seethed among the little broken rocks. The walk before the hotels, swept with fierce rain-gusts, was deserted save for a man or two in mackintosh and deer-stalker cap making head against the wind with lowered umbrella.

The exodus of the children of Israel was not more complete and sudden than the exodus of the butterflies. To-day they are fluttering around your head in a dazzling cloud, drinking sherry cobblers and Manhattan cocktails and creme de menthe at the Casino, filling in air in the tower with their high laughter, showing their freshest frocks and newest young men on the boardwalk in front of the bath-houses, staring furtively at each other, telling the most amusingly scandalous stories about each other, fighting together in the most ladylike manner, concealing the chagrin which even watering-place women sometimes feel under softening smiles—and to-morrow they are—where?

Where? That is just the question. If the kind of agreeable and convenient genie who was always hovering about in the Arabian Nights would only transport you after the butterflies to their various abodes, what wonderful, strange things you would see and what wonderful fine stories you could tell! There are butterflies here who of a certainty go back to the dingiest and ugliest of homes. Gorgeous butterflies these too. The Narragansett summer is thick with that unclassified set of people who live for a brief season, or who exist only for their outward life. There are women at the Pier who dress superbly, look splendidly, talk magnificently of their fine friends and their finer existences, and who, at home, are crowded into a stifling flat in Harlem or an out-at-elbows boarding-house on the East Side.

Narragansett Pier is just the place for this variety of the hundreds that move through our Comedie Humaine. They may have a small income, or they may make a small income—but it is always small. Their passion is the gay world—the gay world with its charm of well-dressed, handsome women, and handsome, well-educated men, with its glamour of elegance and glitter of money. If they cannot belong to this world of idleness and luxury and laziness all the year round they can at least do so for a fraction of the year. So they work all winter for the summer campaign. During the cold months of snow and sleet and frost-bites and chilblains they are fourmis. But when the summer comes with the sun on the sea, and the smell of the honeysuckle on the breeze, with the shop-windows full of "bargains," and the lean purse fat with the winter's savings, then they are cijales. Then all the trampings on Broadway and the loiterings on Twenty-third-st., when the saunterer has been studying the fashions, bear fruit in a series of costumes that are fresh and lovely as a May morning. From a back bedroom in a third-rate crosstown boarding-house a butterfly emerges so gay, so gorgeous, so glittering, that even Narragansett pauses to look at her, and mothers of growing daughters ask her, somewhat kindly, where she has her clothes made, and are not surprised when they hear that the entire wardrobe comes straight from Paris.

When the great winds go roaring to the sea, when the waves come boiling up on the sand, when the fog in the air is bad for crimps and feathers, and the girls get out their Evening-Sun hats and their box coats, this cijale knows that her summer is over. Into the trunks go all the charming frocks she and her mamma have been stitching at since last year. They are limp and bedraggled now. Out comes the purse destined soon to be as empty as a sucked orange. And away they go to the flat that has no elevator and no steam heat and no janitor, or to the back bedroom with its marble-top table in the centre and its oil-stove in the corner. The summer is over. The cijale, pensive among the ruins of her once brilliant millinery, may say, as she kisses her manicured finger-tips: "Adieu, mes beaux jours—adieu for a year!"

The New-Rich Butterfly from East or West or North or South goes too with the first drop of rain on her sleek, powdered cheek, and the first buffet of wind that rudely pushes her big hat askew. She does not have to save for a year for this summer's joys, but she too thinks with a sigh that the charm of the year is dead. At Narragansett her twenty-five superb costumes, with hats and parasols to match, her splendid turnout with two men on the box and a crest as big as the coat-of-arms of a small German prince on the panels, her own ample and languidly elegant personality, meet with a just and intelligent appreciation. The Pier recognizes her superiority, pays tribute to the splendor of her clothes and the magnitude of her husband's bank account. But when she drives along the ocean road and feels the chill of autumn in the air and sees the leaden clouds hurrying up for the carouse of the storm, she too sighs, for are not her beaux jours over for a year? What good are fine clothes and fine carriages and a fine house when one has no fine friends to impress? The summer is over—has spread its rainbow wings and flitted away; and she must spread her wings and flit back to her big, dreary brownstone palace where the books have been bought by the yard and the pictures ordered by the square foot.

Good-bye to the butterflies. Like the foam on the beach when the wind goes buffeting down the shore, the first breath of autumn has scattered them, blown them out of sight and sound and memory. With the frou-frou of their ruffled skirts and the rustle of their silken draperies, shaking perfume from their laces, they have blown before the wind—pretty, feeble, aimless, useless things, not belonging in any especial niche, hardly themselves having any especial idea as to just what it is they want, disturbed by vague ambitions to be rich, and when rich to be what is hazily known as "swell," all pretending to be "swell," all loudly vociferating or smartly hinting their claims to be ranked as people of distinction and fashion, and all engaged in a determined endeavor to force the world about them to accept them at their own valuation.

The general impression left upon the observer of this butterfly life of Narragansett is that it is false, everything is sham about it. These brilliant, handsomely dressed women with rings up to the first joints of their fingers, all telling each other how exclusive and elegant they are, are sham ladies, who spend their summer in trying to see who can wear the best dresses and the most gorgeous rings. Their pleasure consists in thinking that their gown has been the handsomest at the hop, or that their bosom friend has looked extremely sallow in her new yellow crepe. There is no repose about their summer existence. It is a struggle for supremacy, and an ignominious struggle with ignominious rivals.

The very suggestion that every one is pursuing pleasure with the avidity of the people in the picture is a false suggestion. The great, hurrying, breathless, feverish hotel-crowd of laced and powdered and crimped and curled women and girls are not seeking to enjoy themselves—they are seeking to out-do each other. Their summer life is a fierce struggle for leadership and prominence. Narragansett is their battle-ground. It does not give them keen pleasure to live cooped in tiny, stifling rooms, or to array themselves four times during the day in stupendously stunning gowns. This is not pleasure, this is hard work. It is hard work to gain the position in the beginning, and it is desperate fighting to keep it when gained. Pleasure!—Could there be a falser word for a life that makes mean ambitions, gnawing jealousies, fierce rivalries, petty vanities, grinding disappointments, and bitter discouragement?

Hotel life is bound to be vulgar; whether you get a small hostelry in the backwoods, or the finest hotel that ever was built, you will find the vulgarities of hotel life crop up with equal violence in both. The people that patronize large summer hotels are, as a class, inferiors, and give inferior women other inferior women to associate with, and plenty of idle time to employ as they please, and you will have as purely vulgar a phase of American existence as you may desire. And Narragansett hotel life is even more vulgar than that of other places by reason of the falsity of the people who patronize the hotels. There are the entirely sham people who come from Harlem flats and East Side table d'hotes. There are the great quantities of the new, rich who refuse to be new rich. There are the sham swells from New-York, Brooklyn and Chicago. These people, in a refined or quiet environment, would be subdued in tone. But the hotel atmosphere of the Pier is neither refined nor quiet. It develops all that is vulgar and crushes all that is elevated and fine.

Ostentation and display become the aims of life. Pleasure converts itself into a determined endeavor to be first in dress, first in style, and first in money. The peaceful rest of the summer holiday gives place to the furtive struggle for prominence and the frantic race for first place. An observant foreigner, studying the Casino and hotel life of the Pier, might readily find us guilty of that unrelieved commonness, that vulgar Philistinism, of which the itinerant English are so fond of accusing us.

The better side of American watering-place life is crowded back and out of sight by the boisterous, strenuous, loud-voiced, hectoring side of hotel life, with its money, its diamonds, its push, its determined manner of shouldering its way to the front, its lack of delicacy and firmness, its superabundance of swagger and raw vulgarity.

But good-by to it all, good or bad, for another year. Good-by, summer! The winds come up cold and damp from the sea, and sweep the heaten beach clear of butterfly and cigale. On the melancholy dunes, with their dry grass hair bent before the breeze, no more white parasols bloom like big mushrooms, no more couples sit happily spooning by the sounding sea. The waves thunder sadly on a sandy sweep from which the Baltimore beauty and the bonanza queen have passed like shadows from the surface of a mirror. A whole winter of frosts and snow and hail must howl itself angry before the little white feet of Western opulence and Southern loveliness leave their prints upon the sand again. A whole winter of sleety Novembers, of snow-bound Decembers, of frost-bitten Januaries, must be gathered to the past before the ladies with histories once more make up their faces before cracked hotel mirrors, or drink vermouth cocktails in the curl-papered, corsetless seclusion of six-by-eight hotel bedrooms.

And you, sweet summer girl, good-by. Your beaux jours are passed for a year! Your lovely toilets, all soiled and bedraggled, are laid away in your trunks, but your eyes are even brighter and your cheeks are colored as soft a brown as a well-smoked meershaum pipe. You have vanished from cliff walk and Casino, from hotel balcony and bathing beach. Your figure, in its small-waisted, fleet-footed grace, no longer delights the gazer as it floats like the wavering smoke wreaths over the ballroom's polished floor. You no longer are a thing to dream over and wonder at as you sit in the tower in your crisp white frock and your curly-brimmed white hat, and drink sherry-cobblers with young men who look as though they would be more appropriately employed if they drank soluble milk-food out of an Alexandra bottle. We no longer see you stepping gingerly into the surf, lifting each foot with a little shivering shriek, hugging your arms, raising your shoulders to your pretty ears, and always laughing fearsomely as the curly-headed waves clasp you so coldly round your neat little waist. Good-bye!—or stay—let us say au revoir!—auf weidersehen, hasta manana! We cannot bring ourselves to say good-by to you!

STREET TREE-PLANTING.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT WHO IS A LOVER OF TREES.

The question of trees in the streets is, or at least ought to be, of interest to every town dweller, for it is only in trees and grass plots and occasional climbing vines that he is able to get a glimpse of the country, which seems to many to be man's natural birthright. It is a good sign that there is a growing taste for the cultivation of the beautiful Japanese ivy which will grow so luxuriantly on the front of a brick or brownstone house and requires the smallest possible amount of attention. Give it a rooting place in good rich soil, and Nature does the rest. In two years or less your house will be half-covered with the rapidly growing climber, and in a little longer time it will be completely embowered in it. If every house had such an ornament, how much pleasanter our city streets would seem! The cost is only a trifle, and this ivy, or ampelopsis, is absolutely free from objectionable features.

In the scanty soil which trees are likely to get in paved streets they necessarily have a hard time. Nevertheless with a little care they may be made to thrive and do well. Lowell has said:

Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved.
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his that plants a tree.

How many city dwellers have performed this part of their duty? Not so many as the lover of trees would be glad to see do it.

On the general subject of street tree-planting Colonel John Y. Culyer, the well-known landscape architect of Brooklyn, talked in an interesting way the other day. "I notice," said he, "a spasmodic revival of interest in street trees during the lax summer season, if indications in the papers are correct. I have on several occasions called attention to the matter. In my opinion, the failure of large numbers of street trees to thrive is to be attributed primarily to a lack of intelligent interest in the subject of street tree-planting, and in the second place to general neglect. Trees planted in our city streets even under the most favorable conditions must of necessity be compelled to grow amid many disadvantages. The principal causes of failure, so far as they may be understood by nonprofessionals, may be briefly enumerated as follows: First, the selection of the tree; second, planting; third, maintenance.

For street planting only a few varieties of trees are at all available. Of these, the family of maples supplies the best resource, since maples will grow under discouraging circumstances, and are especially suitable for our purpose, being clean, long-lived and tractable; moreover, they will respond to the smallest help, being, as it were, solicitous to please and to show an appreciation of human attention. No one who understands trees will be surprised that I speak in this way about the maple. Of the various kinds, the silver or white-leafed maple grows the most rapidly, and is perhaps the least desirable; but nevertheless it is far superior to some kinds of trees used for street planting. The sugar maple, the Norway maple, the sycamore maple, the scarlet maple, and even the finer varieties, such as the cut-leaf, etc., will all do well, and if nourished and properly cared for are less likely to be infested by insects than almost any other kind of tree. The amiable elm needs moisture, but will flourish in clay or in a rich loose soil. Then there are the English and American lindens, which require a certain pruning in growth to adapt them to street purposes; the Carolina poplar and the ailantus, the latter of which grows rapidly, but is not specially desirable.

"There is a craze for planting large trees—say, from four to six inches in diameter—both in streets and upon lawns. In eight cases out of ten, to be conservative, under the ordinary conditions of removal, they fail. The safe rule is to go to a reputable nurseryman, select under his guidance a well-formed, perfect tree, two or three inches in diameter, with a full natural head and fibrous roots, pay him his price for it and then plant it properly. The chances are than in these circumstances success will follow. It is a crime to cut off the top or natural head or leaders of a young tree, since its chances of attaining perfection and permanency are thereby impaired, if not destroyed. After selecting a tree such as I have described, dig a pit at least four feet square and as many feet deep, fill it with good loam or soil, plant the tree in this, placing it as to depth just to the point where the trunk leaves the main roots. This is the natural and proper depth. Spread the roots out lightly and evenly, fill in the soil carefully, and finally cover the whole compactly; and behold, the tree is planted.

"Next as to maintenance. In the first place, leave a space at least equal to three feet in diameter uncovered by flagging and open to the sunlight, the winds and the rains. Apply each season, in the fall and spring, a little surface stimulation, such as would be afforded by well-rotted manure or some artificial fertilizer. In the spring pick up the soil loosely around the tree and mound it up lightly, so that too much moisture shall not penetrate to the roots. Be sure to protect the bark from injury; and I am tempted to advise the tree-owner to shoot any horse that nibbles the tree, or to use drastic measures in dealing with its owner. Keep up this course of treatment, and the chances are that the response of Nature will be entirely satisfactory. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the rule is particularly applicable to the subject in hand.

"Now, what is the matter with many of our older trees? Well, the general answer may be given in one word—neglect. They are being supported on poorhouse fare. They have outgrown their supply of nourishment, and likewise their environment; they are craving food; in short, they are starving. Take up the flagstones which confine and coffin them; dig up the earth around them; fertilize them, and many of them may yet be restored and enjoy a vigorous life. Others, too long neglected, will gradually die. Many trees also want prudent pruning, thinning out of dead and surplus wood, etc. For my part, I would be glad to give advice gratis in order to save a good street tree. New streets in our cities ought to be planted properly in the beginning, and thus in time they will become pleasantly shaded thoroughfares."

THE AKHOOND OF SWAT.

AND VARIOUS OTHER SAINTS AND SAGES OF THE AFGHAN HILLS.

While the Laureate has sung of "that new land which is the old," it would be equally fitting to tell of the old land which is the new. Wherever the actual cradle of the human race may have been, there is no doubt that Persia and its former dependencies, Afghanistan, Beluchistan and Turkestan, were among the earliest inhabited countries. Yet is there that about them to-day, as fresh and vital, and as novel, too, as ever when Rustem rode forth from Seistan, or Firdusi fled before the treacherous wrath of Mahmoud. There, for example, was the Akhoond of Swat. For years he has been an incalculably great benefactor of paragraph writers and joke-crackers all over the world. Who does not remember the quiver of the universal midriff that greeted the solemn announcement of his death? "The Akhoond of Swat is dead." That was all. Yet what a wild, wild burst of merriment it provoked. Who could tell who he was, or had been? No one. True, there was a nursery rhyme in which the question had been asked of a numberless generation of babies. But it had remained unanswered, and most people were inclined to say, "There ain't no such pusson." Yet thenceforward he was the funny man's staff of life. The iceman and the plumber and the mother-in-law might fail. But the Akhoond of Swat, never. He was a perennial wellspring of jokes.

The Akhoond of Swat, however, was a real personage, and an important one, too. Swat itself is a considerable province of Afghanistan, bordering on India, and just southwest of the Pamirs. The Akhoond was not, however, its civil ruler. At any rate, he was not nominally so. The title Akhoond merely means "teacher," and he was, primarily, a religious teacher and nothing more. He lived in the town of Saidu, and he reached manhood and began to teach the people more than half a century ago, when Dost Mohammed was Ameer of Cabul. An intense fanatic and a mystic, he exerted a marvellous sway over the people of Swat, who, like all the Afghan tribes, are nervous, imaginative and given to mysticism. So he became not only their spiritual prophet, but their military leader as well. He led the hosts of Islam against the Sikhs, in the days when Dost Mohammed planned to conquer all India, and many are the stories told of his prowess. Nor did he fight alone against the Indians, but in 1863 he led the Afghans in their battle with the British at Umbeyla, and made himself the most feared man in all the Afghan Empire.

When not busy in the wars, Akhoond was always to be found at Saidu. From sunrise to sunset he sat in his mosque, reproving the erring, comforting the mourners, encouraging the faithful and cursing the obstinate unbelievers. Disputes of every sort were brought to him for settlement. Troubles of all kinds were brought to him to be made right. Hundreds of miracles were performed by him every day. The sick were made well in an instant. A man would come lamenting that his horse was lost, and would find it the next moment at the door of the mosque. A carpenter was bewailing that a beam was three feet too short for the needed purpose, and in a twinkling it grew to exactly the length required. A visitor in the city wished to return speedily to his home in Constantinople, thousands of miles away. He was bade to close his eyes, and the next moment opened them in his home. To tell the people of Swat that these things were not so would have been equivalent to telling them that light was darkness. No wonder, then, that the Akhoond was a power in the land, and that Ameer after Ameer sought his assistance. Shere Ali was the last. When he began his last struggle with the British he begged the Akhoond to lead his armies as of old. But death stepped in, and the Akhoond passed into history. Yet still his virtue abides. The mosque in which he taught is the holiest place in all Swat, and miracles are daily wrought there. The Akhoond's son does not succeed him as a teacher. But he inherits the worldly possesions of the Akhoond, and these are enough to make him the richest man in all Swat.

The successor of the Akhoond of Swat in spiritual affairs is the Mullah of Manki, whose title is likewise picturesque and mirth-inspiring. He was a disciple of the Akhoond, living at Manki, on British-Indian soil, at the foot of the Khatak Hills. Among the people in that region there was a custom of praying before a certain black stone in the Manki mosque. It was a stone upon which some old-time worthy had sat, and was held sacred for that reason. But it was a scandal in Islam that they should do this thing, instead of worshipping the black stone at Mecca. So the Mullah of Manki determined to stop it. He went into the mosque one day and bade the people behold him put the idol to confusion. Thereupon he raised a huge hammer and smote the stone with supernatural strength, dashing it to atoms. After that he was the spiritual lord of all that region, and on the death of the Akhoond he became the chief living prophet of Swat.

Another noteworthy person was the Saint of Bajour. He claimed to be a direct descendant of Ali, and had power to work miracles. He came to Bajour from a distant place, and was received with the greatest delight. For the place had long been without a holy man. And it had no shrine at which miracles could be wrought. When this saint arrived, all was well, and the people of Bajour held their heads up in conscious pride. Why not? They had a saint of their own, just as well as any other place. One day, however, the saint started to leave, and to go on to some other town. They were stricken with consternation. It would never do to lose him, and to fall back into their old condition of saintlessness. So they held a solemn conclave, the result of which was that they decided to kill him. If they could not keep a live saint, a dead one would be better than none at all, and his tomb would form a holy shrine, at which miracles would be wrought. So they killed him. And to this day his tomb is one of the most hallowed spots in all the land.

Herat, too, has a saint, and a famous one, Khwajat Abdullah Ansari. He lived many centuries ago. His ancestors were comrades of the Prophet Mahomet himself. He came from Bagdad, with a great reputation as a scholar and holy man, and settled on the hill of Gazarghaiah, just outside the walls of Herat. There he was venerated as the greatest prophet in Afghanistan and he was regarded as the spiritual head of the nation. When he died his tomb became a holy shrine, and countless miracles have been wrought at it. Such is the esteem in which he has ever been held that the great Dost Mohammed, when he was dying, said with his last breath, "Bury me at the feet of the saint of Herat, that he may obtain forgiveness of my sins. This was done and the dust of the greatest ancient Afghan saint and the greatest modern Afghan monarch and warrior occupy one tomb.

UP TO DATE INDEED.

From The London Globe.

A young French artist recently had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a wealthy amateur who gave him a commission to paint several pictures for his gallery. The other day the artist suggested to his Maecenas as the subject of a historical picture, "Hippocrates refusing the gifts of Artaxerxes." "Well," replied the patron, hesitatingly, "that strikes me as rather stale. Can't you suggest something modern, more 'up to date'?" "I have it," exclaimed the artist, "I'll paint you 'Hippocrates accepting the gifts of Artaxerxes.'"

A Handicap Race.—"I'll run you 100 yards for the breadfruit," said the elephant.

"I'll just go you," said the zebra. "But I want it understood that noses are barred."—(Indianapolis Journal.

PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY.

ITS LEGAL AND SCIENTIFIC USES.

THE MOST DIFFICULT AND DELICATE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC OPERATIONS—BACTERIA IN VARIOUS FORMS.

The microscope opens the way to newly discovered worlds, a knowledge of whose inhabitants, as yet but little understood, has been and is one of the greatest boons to humanity. The subject is one of interest to every one not buried in a deepening rut of personal affairs, and these microscopic beauties and tiny organisms that make or mar the world, should be more generally understood. The stalk of a flower hides unimagined loveliness, there is a history in a drop of blood, and the smallest germ may be the seed of death to thousands, or only an insignificant member of the fraternity of water flora.

To those who have not the time to devote to personal research, the camera steps in like a beneficent spirit, and upon its sensitive plate are imprinted outlines so small as to be almost imperceptible to the eye when examined through the microscope. This is photo-micrography. It is often confounded with micro-photography, which is the art of making minute photographs of larger objects. Micro-photographs of the Lord's Prayer are frequently seen in tiny charms, and in times of war besieged cities have made use of this branch of photography to condense messages to be sent to outside friends.

Photo-micrography is one of the highest forms of photography, requiring keen judgment and skilled workmanship. The camera was first used in connection with the microscope in Europe, but the work done was of a very inferior quality, and it was not until Colonel J. J. Woodward, of the United States Army, brought the art very near a state of perfection that it attained a recognized standing. Successful work involves a thorough knowledge of the microscope and its management, with an equal knowledge of photography and how properly to combine the two.

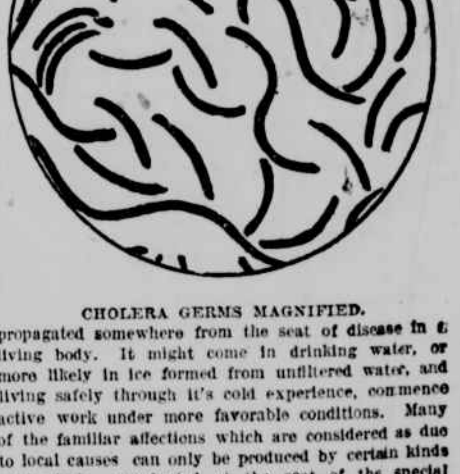
The oldest and one of the best methods was that of Colonel Woodward who made use of a dark room as his camera. Through a small opening in the window-shutter a beam of light was admitted and thrown in one direction by means of a heliostat outside. The microscope was placed in the proper position, and the object to be photographed was put upon a stage before it. A short distance back of the microscope was a frame upon which rested the ground glass or focussing screen upon which the image of the object was projected. After being carefully focussed the screen was removed and the plate-holder adjusted to the frame, the exposure made and the image developed in the usual way. Many operators prefer to use an ordinary camera in connection with the microscope, thus having the advantage of working in a light room. A camera is, of course, a necessity in employing artificial light. In this case the microscope is first placed on the table and the object focussed; the camera is then adjusted and the object refocused before exposing the plate.

After the image is projected upon the screen the remainder of the work, which is chiefly mechanical, can be completed by a professional photographer if desired. A professional photographer could, in a very short time, take up low power photo-micrographical work and produce excellent results, but he would be obliged to make a special study of the microscope for an amplification of from 500 to 1,000 diameters. Particular attention must be given to the illumination, the quality and power of the lens employed, the mechanism and steadiness of the stand, correctness of the eyepiece, if one is used, and the conveniences connected with the camera for facilitating the work. The source of illumination may be direct sunlight, kept in place by the heliostat, as used by Colonel Woodward, or the electric arc or incandescent light of proper construction may be employed. The calcium light may be used, and excellent results have been obtained with the still more inferior medium of an ordinary kerosene lamp. As in all other branches of photographic work, the apparatus is not of the first importance if the operator is skilful enough to take the best advantage of the means at his disposal.

In legal work photo-micrography is sometimes employed to demonstrate the existence of poisons in the blood of men and animals, to show the false lines in a forged document or the existence of foreign substances in adulterated food. A jeweller was recently convicted in France upon evidence of this kind. He was accused by the Government of having placed a false hall-mark upon his goods. Photo-micrographs were made of the Government stamp and of the condemned copy. The spirited design of the former compared with the clumsy outlines of the latter, as shown in the magnified reproduction, was inconvertible evidence and the man was unhesitatingly pronounced guilty. Lantern-slides have been used in the court-room, the outlines of the subjects of the microscopical investigation being thrown upon the wall; but this is manifestly inconvenient, and regular photographic prints are much more satisfactory.

In different sciences photo-micrography has been found invaluable for securing exact representations of microscopical objects for book illustrations, and for the use of the demonstrator in the lecture-room. From the importance of the science, this art has been nowhere of more importance than in medicine and in that branch of medicine known as bacteriology. An immense step has been made in the last few years in the discovery and classification of these minute organisms, and the work to be done in the future will be in the same direction. It is known now that only a small proportion of the bacteria are disease germs, and that the remainder are helpful little workers to be found everywhere in earth, air and water, feeding on vegetable and animal waste, and at the same time resolving it into simpler compounds to be absorbed again by the higher members of the vegetable kingdom.

Bacteria are now regarded not, as was at first suggested, as diminutive insects or worms, but as the lowest form of vegetable life. To study these little cells under the name of ice or water flora is pleasant. One might even speak of the cholera and typhoid flora, and thus the poisonous germs lose half their repulsiveness and can be studied by the people in the calm light of common sense. If this were generally done there would be fewer of them in existence for the student to observe. Bad drainage may prepare the system to succumb to the typhoid germ, but it is not possible to produce the disease without the presence of a living member of the typhoid bacteria,



CHOLERA GERMS MAGNIFIED.

propagated somewhere from the seat of disease in a living body. It might come in drinking water, or more likely in ice formed from unfiltered water, and living safely through it's cold experience, commence active work under more favorable conditions. Many of the familiar affections which are considered as due to local causes can only be produced by certain kinds of bacteria germinated at the seat of the special disease which they will again produce if taken into the system. All of these, exactly represented by photography, aid the laity in a full comprehension of their nature and relation to life.

There are three grand divisions of the bacteria: the spherical, rod-shaped, and spiral; and they are often very pretty as they grow in chains, pairs or tetrads. To learn the life history of these germs they are cultivated artificially. To separate the varieties of bacteria found in drinking water an infinitesimal portion is mixed with a solution of gelatine and bouillon. This mixture is poured on a plate and covered, and as the gelatine solidifies each bacterium is held apart from its companions and, nourished by the beef extract, becomes the founder of a little colony of its own particular species. In a few hours or days they have multiplied exceedingly, and the different varieties are plainly discernible. A single germ from any of the colonies may then be mounted on a slide for the microscope or can be transplanted into a fresh supply of the gelatine and bouillon in a culture tube for awhile, and the whole colony can be photographed in the tube by taking measures to prevent reflections from the glass. When bacteria are taken from the body in the tissues, a thin piece of the tissue is mounted on a slide and stained, so that the bacteria may be more easily discernable by the eye and to show varying lights and shades in the photograph.